

AN
ESSAY
ON
Translated Verse.

BY THE
EARL of ROSCOMON.

Cape Dona Extrema Tuorum.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson at the Judges Head in
Chancery Lane, 1684.

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To the

*Earl of Roiscomon, on his Excellent Essay
on Translated Verse.*

WHether the fruitful *Nile*, or *Tyrish Shore*,
The seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,
Tis sure the noble Plant, translated first,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian Gardens nurst.
The *Grecians* added Verse, their tuneful Tongue
Made Nature first, and Nature's God their song.
Nor stopt Translation here: For conquering *Rome*
With *Grecian* Spoils brought *Grecian* Numbers home;
Enrich'd by those *Athenian* Muses more,
Than all the vanquish'd World cou'd yield before.
'Till bar'rous Nations, and more bar'rous Times
Debas'd the majesty of Verse to Rhymes;
Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling Prose:
That limp'd along, and tickl'd in the close:
But *Italy*, reviving from the trance
Of *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Monkish* ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well vowell'd Words,
And all the Graces a good Ear affords,
Made Rhyme an Art: and *Dante's* polish'd page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden Age:
Then *Petrarch* follow'd, and in him we see,
What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be;
At best a pleasing Sound, and fair barbarity:

A

The

The *French* pursu'd their steps; and *Britain*, last
In Manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd.
The Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*
Appear exalted in the *Brittish* Loom;,
The *Muses* Empire is restor'd again,
In *Charles* his Reign, and by *Roscommon's* Pen.
Yet modestly he does his Work survey,
And calls a finish'd Poem an *ESSAY*;
For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
(So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to appear)
Nor need those Rules, to give Translation light;
His own example is a flame so bright,
That he, who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance; unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own *Horace* cou'd such Rules ordain;
Or his own *Vingil* sing a nobler strain.
How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,
How much in gaining him has *Britain* lost.
Their Island in revenge has ours reclaim'd,
The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow,
Deriv'd from *British* Channels long ago;
That here his conquering Ancestors was nurst;
And *Ireland* but translated *England* first:
By this Reprisal we regain our right;
Else must the two contending Nations fight.

A nobler quarrel for his Native earth,
 Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer's* birth.
 To what perfection will our Tongue arrive,
 How will Invention and Translation thrive
 When Authors nobly born will bear their part,
 And not disdain th' inglorious praise of Art!
 Great Generals thus descending from command,
 With their own toil provoke the Souldiers hand.
 How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost be pleas'd to hear
 His Fame augmented by a *Brittish* Peer,
 How he embellishes His *Helen's* loves,
 Out does his softness, and his sense improves?
 VVhen these translate, and teach Translators too,
 Nor Firstling Kid, nor any vulgar vow
 Shoud at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand;
Roscomon writes, to that auspicious hand,
 Muse feed the Bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Roscomon, whom both Court and Camps commend,
 True to his Prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roscomon first in Fields of Honour known,
 First in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown;
 He both *Minerva's* justly makes his own.
 Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they,
 VVhom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,
 On equal terms with ancient *Wit* ingage,
 Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's* page:
 Our *English* Palace opens wide in state;
 And without stooping they may pass the Gate.

JOHN DRYDEN

The Ear
 of Mul
 grave.

Ad illustrissimum Virum,
Dominum Comitem de Roscomon;

In Tentamen suum sive Specimen de
Poetis transferendis.

Carmen Encomiasticum.

Anglia si clavis pollet secunda Poetis,
Mundo præreptos jactans in pace triumphos;
Pallada nutrivit si non minus ubere gleba,
Augusto quam magna tulit sub Cæsare Roma;
Hoc Tibi debetur Comes illustrissime seculi:
Nam postquam per te patuit, populoque resulsit
Ars Flacci, vatum surrexit vivida proles
Divinis instructa modis & carmine puro.
Fata non sola sequi vestigia sacra Maronis
Sed transferre datar: Vos O gaudete superbi
Angligenæ, meritisque virum redimite corollis
Quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.
Nam duce Te vatum series æterna sequetur,
Qui tentare modos ausi immortalis Homeri,
Heroasque Deosque canent, plausuque secundo
Non male ceratis tendent super æthera pennis.
Et tua, docte Maro, (ni fallor) carmina reddent
Majestate pari; dum læta vagaberis umbra
Per sacrum sparsata nemus: Versuq; Britanno

Ænea-

JOHN DRYDEN.

Aeneadas mirata cani, bellamque, ducesque
 Et Pastoris Oves, his vocibus ora resolves.
 Quam bene Te poteram patulis amplectier ulnis
 Magne Comes, nostræ O famæ defensor & hæres!
 Nunc licet insulsi vertant mea scripta Poetæ,
 Mollior ac Elegi Ovidi sonet Ilias, ausit
 Mævius infelix calamo disperdere Versus,
 Cuncta piat Silenus, & haud imitabile carmen
 Primo quod infantis cecinit canabula mundi
 Durabit, famamque per omne tuebitur ævum.
 Grandibus ille modis & mira pingitur arte:
 Per Te, Dulce decus, nostri viget ille laboris
 Reliquia, multum Britico celebrandus in ore,
 Tu Genio da fræna tuo, nec voce beatam
 Hæc tristere animam — cape dona extrema Tuorum.
 Carmina adhuc cineri exequias persolve Maronis,
 Pulchrior in tantâ splendet mea gloria musa.
 Plurimus Angligenum manibus versabere, plebs
 Sordebunt excusa ducum simulacra tabellis;
 Te melius viro pingentem carmine cernent.
 Dum translatorum sudant ignobile vulgus,
 Ut capient oculos Phaleris, & imagine falsâ
 Lascient lectorem, & vanâ dulcedine pascant;
 Me mihi restituis versu, sensusque latentes
 Eruis, & duplicem reddit tua charta Maronem.

E Collegio S. S. & Indi-
 vidua Trin. Cant.

Carolus Dryden.

To the
EARL of ROSCOMMON,
ON HIS
Excellent POEM.

AS when by labouring Stars new Kingdoms rise,
The mighty Mass in rude confusion lies,
A Court unform'd, disorder at the Bar,
And even in Peace the rugged Meen of War,
Till some wise States-man into Method draws
The parts, and Animates the frame with Laws;
Such was the case when Chaucer's early toyl
Founded the Muses Empire in our Soyl.
Spencer improv'd it with his painful hand
But lost a Noble Muse in Fairy-land.
Shakspear say'd all that Nature cou'd impart,
And Johnson added Industry and Art.
Cowley, and Denham gain'd immortal praise;
And some who merit as they wear, the Bays.
Search'd all the Treasuries of Greece, and Rome,
And brought the precious spoils in Triumph home.
But still our language had some ancient rust,
Our flights were often high but seldom just.
There wanted one who license cou'd restrain,
Make Civil Laws o're Barbarous Usage reign:
One worthy in Apollo's Chair to sit
To hold the Scales, and give the Stamp of Wit.

In

In whom ripe judgement and Young fancy meet,
And force Poetic Rage to be discreet.
Who grows not *nauseous* whiles he strives to please
But marks the *Shelves* in the *Poetic Seas*.
Who knows, and teaches what our *Clime* can bear,
And makes the barren ground obey the labourers care.

Few cou'd conceive, none the great work cou'd do,
Tis a fresh province, and reserv'd for You.

Those Talents all are yours, of which but One,
Were a Fair Fortune for a *Muses Son*.
Wit, reading, judgement, conversation, art,
A head well ballanc'd, and a generous heart.
While insect Rhymes cloud the polluted Skie,
Created to molest the world, and die.
Your File do's polish, what your Fancy cast,
Works are long forming which must *always* last,
Rough iron sense, and stubborn to the Mold
Touch'd by your Chymic hand is turn'd to Gold,
A secret Grace fashions the flowing lines,
And inspiration thro the Labour shines.
Writers in spite of all their paint and Art,
Betray the darling passion of their heart.
No Fame you wound, give no chaste ears offence,
Still true to Friendship, Modesty, and Sence.
So Saints from Heaven for our example sent,
Live to their Rules, have nothing to repent.

(a)

Horace,

*Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,
Would give no Laws, but only yours translate.*

*Hoist Sail, bold Writers, search, discover far,
You have a Compass for a Polar-Star.
Tune Orpheus Harp, and with enchanting Rhymes
Softenthe savage humour of the Times.*

*Tell all those untouch'd Wonders which appear'd
When Fate it self for our Great Monarch fear'd:
Securely thro the dangerous Forrest led
By guards of Angels when his own were fled.
Heaven kindly exercis'd his Youth with Cares
To crown with unmix'd joyes his riper years.
Make Warlike James's peaceful vertues known,
The Second Hope and Genius of the Throne.
Heaven in compassion brought him on our Stage
To tame the fury of a monstrous Age.
But what blest voice shall your Maria sing?
Or a fit offering to her Altars bring?
In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great alwayes, without aiming to be Great
True Roman Majesty adorns her Face,
And every gesture's form'd by every Grace.
Her beauties are too Heavenly, and refin'd,
For the Gross Senses of a Vulgar mind.
It is your part, (You Poets can divine)
To prophecy how she by Heavens design
Shall give an Heir to the Great British Line.*

Who

Who over all the *Western Isles* shall reign,
Both *on* the Continent, and *rule* the Main.
It is *Your Place* to wait upon *her Name*
Thro' the *vast regions* of *Eternal fame*.

True Poets souls to *Princes* are *ally'd*,
And the *Worlds Empire* with its *Kings* divide.
Heaven *trusts* the *present time* to *Monarchs care*,
Eternity is the *Good Writers* share.

Knightly Chetwood.

To the
Earl of Roscomon, on his Excellent Essay
on Translated Verse.

While *Satyr* pleas'd and nothing else was writ,
But pure ill nature pass'd for noblest Wit,
Some priviledg'd Climes the poisonous weeds refuse;
But when a generous understanding Muse
Does richer fruits from happier Soils Translate,
We are sent to *Ireland*, by reverse of fate,
Yet you, I know with *Plato* would disdain
To write and equal the *Mæonian* strains.

If 't would debauch your humour to far forth
To think so mean a thing, enhanc'd your worth.
For were, that praise and only that your due,
Which *Virgil* too might claim no less then you,
Tho that had merited my bare esteem,
I'de leave to other pens the single theme.
But when I saw the Candor of your mind,
A Muse inur'd to Camps, in Courts refin'd,
A Soul e'vn capable of being a friend,
Free from those follies which the great attend;
I grant such excellenoe my Soul did fire,
Unable to commend, I will admire.

'Happy the man when no concern is nigh,
'But Nature's, wanton and his blood runs high,
'Who free from cares enjoys without controul
'His Muse, the darling Mistress of his soul,
'No tedious Court his appetite destroys,
'Nor thoughts of gain pollute the rapturous Joys.
'The Dea *Minerva* form'd without a pain
'And nothing less, could spring from such a brain.
'And yet his Godlike pity he imparts
'To those that drudge at Duty against their hearts
'And to illiberal uses wrest the Liberal Arts

When I observe the wonders you explain
Too much the antients you commend — in vain

In

In vain you would endeavour to perswade,
That all our Rites were in those Archives laid:
That Poetry must ever stand unmov'd,
The only Art Experience ha'nt improv'd.
But grant all this were to Religion grown,
Sure they concern no Countrys but their own:
For let the *Aeneid* pass through other hands,
And *Virgil* self a third-rate Poet stands,
Unfit to reach the heights that he has flown,
We wisely to our level bring him down.
Himself had writ less sweet, and less sublime
In any other tongue or other time.

And now, my Lord, on this account I grieve,
To think how different from your self you'll live,
When this inimitable peice is shown,
In Languages and Empires yet unknown.
It will be Learning then to know and hear
Not only what you wrote, but what you were.

F. Amherst.

Cum Opus suum Manuscriptum, una cum elo-
ganti Carmine Latino sibi mitteret Illustrissimus
Author, ita respondit: *K. C.*

AUla dulce decus, quem culta Britannia veller,
Scotia seque tibi vix peperisse, putat;
Quid, mihi dum nunquam peritura volumina mittis,
Me; nisi mirari, dulcis amice, velis?
Scripta tua in raelius qui fingere possit, Apellis
Is Venerem, Phidiae possit & ille Jovem:
Consilio ille juret miscentem elementa Tonantem,
Rectius & soli scribere possit iter.
Res sancta est, surgens vestra ad fastigia, vates,
Cui praesens semper pectora numen habet.
Quantum est victuris victuras condere leges,
In litem lauros & revocare novam!
Extingitis vitam dare res est quanta! sed ipse
Quantus? pars minima est Musa diserta Tui.

But hear, oh hear, (O's) Provok'd

And now, my friends, be not surpris'd

ESSAY

ON

Translated Verse.

Happy that Author, whose correct Essay

Repairs so well our Old *Horatian* way;

And happy those, who (if concurring Stars

Prædestinate them to *Pocnick* Wars)

With Pains, and leisure, by such Precepts write;

And learn to use their arms before they fight.

But since the *Press*, the *Pulpit*, and the *Stage*,

Joyn all their forces, to invade our Age.

But Provok'd,

Provok'd, and urg'd, we, resolutely must
 To the few Virtues that we have, be just.
 For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more,
 To reach the Treasures of the Roman store,
 Or dig in *Græcia Minus* for pure *Ore*?
 The noblest Fruits Transplanted, in our Isle
 With early Hope, and fragrant Blossoms smile:
 Familiar *Quint* tender Thoughts inspires,
 And *Nature* seconds all his soft Desires:
Theocritus do's now to *Us* belong,
 And *Albion's Rocks* repeat his Rural Song.
 Who has not heard how *Idly* was blest,
 Above the *Medes*, above the wealthy *East*?
 Or *Gallus* Song, so tender, and so True,
 As even *Lycoris* might with pity view,
 When mourning *Nymphs* attend their Departs Here,
 Who do's not weep, that Reads the moving Verse!

Provok'd

B

But

But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
Sicilian Muses through those happy Plains,
 Proclaim *Saturnian* Times, our own *Apella* Reigns.

When *France* had breath'd, after intestine Broils,
 And Peace and Conquest crown'd her foreign Toils,
 There (cultivated by a Royal Hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the Land,
 The choicest Books, that *Rome*, or *Greece* have known,
 Her excellent *Translators* made her own,
 And *Europe* must acknowledge that she gains,
 Both by their good *Example* and their *Pains*.
 From hence our generous Emulation came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
 But now, *We* shew the world a nobler Way,
 And in *Translated Verse*, do more than *They*.
 Serene, and clear, Harmonious *Horace* flows,
 With sweetness not to be express'd in *Prose*.

Degrading *Prose* explains his meaning ill,
And shews the *Stuff*, but not the Workman's skill.

I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)

Scarce know my Master as He there appears.

Vain are our Neighbours' Hopes, and *Vain* their Cares,

The *Fault* is more their *Language*, than their

'Tis copious, florid, pleasing to your Ear;

With softness, more perhaps, than *Ours* can bear.

But who did ever in *French Authors* see

The Comprehensive, *English Energy*?

The weighty *Bulletin* of *One Sterling Line*,

Drawn to *French Wars*, would through whole *Pages* mine.

I speak my *Private*, but *Impartial* sense,

With *Freedom*, and (I hope) without offence.

For I'll Recant, when *France* can shew me *Wit*,

As strong as *Ours*, and as succinctly *Writ*.

Whoever Vainly on his Tongue depends
 'Tis true, *Composing* is the *Nobler Part*,
 But *good Translation* is no *easier Art*,
 For tho' *Materials* have long since been found,
 Yet both your *fancy*, and your *Hands* are bound;
 And by *Improving* what was writ *Before*,
Invention Labours *Less*, but *Judgment*, *more*.

The Soil intended for *Pierian* seeds,
 Must be well *purg'd* from *rank Pedantick Weeds*.
Apollo starts, and All *Parnassus* shakes,
 At the rude *Rumbling Baralipon* makes.
 For None have been, with *Admiration*, read,
 But who (beside their *Learning*) were *Well-Bred*.
 The first great work, (a Task perform'd by Few)
 Is, that *your self* may to *your self* be *True*:
 No *Masque*, no *Tricks*, no *Favour*, no *Reserve*;
Dissect your *Mind*, examine ev'ry *Nerve*.

Hence

Who

Whoever Vainly on his strength depends,
 Begins like *Virgil*, but like *Marius*, Ends;
 That wretch (in spite of his forgotten Rhymes) but
 Condemn'd to Live to all succeeding Times, only
 With pompous Nonsense and a bellowing sound
 Sung lofty, High, Tumbling to the Ground;
 For (if my Muse can through past Ages see)
 That Noisy, Nauseous, Gaping Fool was He;
 Exploded, when with universal scorn
 A Mountain Labour'd and a Mouse was Born.

Learn, learn, *Crotona's* bravny *Wrestler* cries
 Audacious Mortals, and be *Timely* Wise!
 'Tis I that shall remember *Miles* *End*,
 Wedg'd in that Timber which He strove to Rend.

Each Poet, with a different Talent writes,
 One Praises, One Instructs, Another Bites.

or W

Horace

Horace did ne'er aspire to *Lyric* *Reign*, nor *high* *to*
 Nor lofty *Mars* stoop'd to *Lyric* *Laurels*,
 Examine how your *Humour* is inclin'd, most *exquisite*
 And which the *Ruling Passion* of your *Mind*,
 Then, seek a *Poet* who your way do's bend,
 And chuse an *Autor* as you chuse a *Friend*,
 United by this *Sympatherick Bond*,

You grow *Familiar*, *Intimate* and *Fond*,
 Your *Thoughts*, your *Words*, your *Smiles*, your *Souls* agree,
 No Longer his *Interpreter*, but *He* is *born* in *you*,
 And *you* are *born* in *him*, to *express* his *genius*.

With how much ease is a young *Muse* *Betray'd*,
 How nice the *Reputation* of the *Maid*,
 Your early, kind, *paternal* care appears,
 By chaste *Instruction* of her *Tender* *Tears*,
 The first *Impression* in her *Infant* *Breath*,
 As 'tis the deepest, ought to be the *Best*.

No rigid *Ave* should breed a servile *Fear*,
 No wanton Sound offend her *Virgin-Ear*.
 Secure from foolish *Pride's* Affected *State*,
 And specious *Flattery's* more pernicious *Bait*,
 Habitual *Innocence* adorns each *Thought*,
 And 'tis your *Crime* if *She* commit a *Fault*.

Immodest words (whatever the *Pretence*)
 Always want *Decency*, and often, *Sense*.
 What moderate *Fop* would rake the *Park*, or *Stews*,
 Who among *Troops* of faultless *Nymphs* may chuse?
Variety of *Such* is to be found;
 Take then a *Subject*, proper to *Expound*:
 But *Moral*, *Great*, and worth a *Poet's Voice*,
 For Men of *Sense* despise a *trivial Choice*:
 And such *Applause* it must expect to meet,
 As would some *Painter*, busy in a *Street*,

To *Capitaneus* and *Senatus*, and *Viri boni* whole
 That *call* and *bring* *us* to *high* *praise*
 But I offend — *Virgil* begins to *frown*,

Yet 'tis not ill to have a subject old,
 It must *delight* us when 'tis *old*
 He that brings *us* *new* *objects* to my view,
 (As many *Old* have done, and many *New*)

With *new* *images* my *Fancy* fills,
 And all goes down like *oil* of *Squills*.

Instruct the list'ning world how *Man* sings
 Of *useful* *subjects* and of *useful* *things*
 These will *such* *and* *such* *bring* *us* *raise*,
 As merit *Gratitude*, as well as *Praise*.

But *soul* *Descriptions* are *offensive* still
 Either *for* *being* *Life*, or *being* *Ill*.

For who, without a *quill*, hath ever lookt,
 On *any* *quill*, the by *Plum* *Cook*.

Whose *Bayling Herds*, and whose *multitudinous Gods*,
 Make some suspect, He *Snores*, as well as *Narcs*;
 But I offend — *Virgil* begins to *Frown*,

And *Horace* looks with *Indignation* down;
 My *blushing Muse* with *Conscious Fear* retires,
 And whom *They Like*, *Implicitly* *Admire*.

On *sure Foundations*, let your *Fabrick* *Rise*,
 And with *inviting Majesty* *surprise*,
 Not by *affected meretricious Arts*,
 But *strict harmonious Symmetry* of *Parts*,
 Which through the *Whole*, *insensibly* *must pass*,
 With *vital Heat* to *animate the Mass*,
 A *pure*, an *Active*, an *Auspicious Flame*,
 And *bright as Heaven*, from whence the *Blessing* *came*,
 But, *few, oh few*, *Souls* *præordain'd* by *Fate*,
 The *Race of Gods*, have reach'd that *eminent Height*.

No *Rebel Titan's sacrilegious Crime*,
 By heaping Hills on Hills can bluster climb
 The grizly *Ferry-man of Hell* deny'd
 Even *strange*, till he knew his *Guidy*
 How justly then will impious Mortals fall,
 Whose *Pride* would soar to *Heav'n* without a *Call*?
Pride (of all others, the most dangerous *Fau't*,)
 Proceeds from *Ignorance*, and want of *Thought*,
 The Men, who *labour* and *digest* things most,
 Will be much apter to *despond*, than *boast*.
 For if your *Author* be *profoundly good*,
 'Twill cost you *dear* before he's *understood*.
 How many *Ages* since has *Virgil* writ?
 How few are they who understand him yet?
 Approach his *Altars* with *religious Fear*.
 No *perty Deity* inhabits *there*.
Heav'n shakes not more at *Jove's imperial Noe*,
 Then *Poets* shou'd before their *Mantuan God*.

Hail mighty MARRIAGE, what sacred Name
 Kindle my Breast with thy celestial Flame
 Sublime Ideas, bind thy Words in Verse
 The Muse instruct my Voice, and Heaven inspire the Verse

How justly then will impious Mortals fall
 What I have instant done in the Verse

Is, in proportion true of All the Verse
 (of all others the best)

Take pains the genuine Meaning to explore
 Proceeds from the genuine Meaning

There Swear, there Swear, but the laborious Verse
 The Verse is the laborious Verse

Search every Comment, that your Card can find
 Will be the Card can find

Some here, some there, may hit the Poets Verse
 For the Poets Verse

Yet be not blindly guided by the Verse
 I will not be guided by the Verse

Which has been, and is often in the Verse
 How many are in the Verse

When Things appear unnatural or hard
 How few are in the Verse

Consult your Author, with Himself compare
 Approach to the Author

Who knows what Blessing Poets may bestow
 No Poet knows what Blessing Poets may bestow

And future Ages to your Labour owe
 How few are in the Verse

Then Poets should before their Mantles bow
 Then Poets should before their Mantles bow

Hail

c c

Such

Such Secrets are not easily found, but grow
 But once Discover'd, leave no Room for Doubt: For
 Truth Stamps Conviction in your Reason's Breast
 And Peace and Joy attend the glorious Quest
 Yet if one shadow of a single Sin
 Sure the most barren is the safest way
 Fear is the base Companion of a Slave
 But Prudence the Protection of the Free
 Truth still is One; Truth is Divinely bright
 No cloudy Doubts obscure her Native Light
 While in your Thoughts you find the least Disturb
 You may be Confused, but never can be Translated
 Your Smile will pierce through all Disguises shewn
 For None, explain more clearly, than they shew
 He only proves he understands a Text
 Whose Exposition leaves it unperplex'd
 They who too formally enwrap in Words
 Rather Create than Dissipate the Mist
 And

(1581)

Be not too fond of a Sonorous Line,
Good Sense will through a plain expression shine,
Few Painters can such Master strokes command,
As are the noblest in a skilful Hand,
In This your Anchor will the best advise,
Fall when He falls, and when He Rises, Rise,
Affected Noise is the most wretched Thing,
That to Contempt can Empty Strivers bring,
Vowels and Accents Regularly plac'd
On even Syllables (and still the Last)
Tho all imaginable Faults abound
Will never want the Pigeons of Sound,
Whatever Sister of the learned Nine
Do's to your Suit a willing Ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting Name,
She'll Crown a Graces, and a Constant Flame,
But if a wild Inconsistency prevail,
And turn your Veering heart with ev'ry Gale,

John
Gale

You lose the Fair Jewess? Be not too fond
For the sad subject of a Poet's pen
Few Painters can such Master strokes command
A Quack (too scandalously named) had
Had, by the name of his ill-famed
As if Ladies had forgot their names
The Lab'ring Wife's most honest
Will scorn to be the Quack's
Who, while the Quack's name is
And largely, who the Quack's name is
With Maudlin Eloquence of winking Eyes
But what a thoughtless Man
(How very foolish is his name)
For greedy of his Quack's name
From Female Maudlin he takes Degrees
Struts in a new Quack's name
From seeing Women he takes Degrees
And turn your Veering heart with every Gale

You An

Another Such had left the *Nation, Thin,*
 In spight of all the *Children* He brought in,
 His *Pills*, as thick as *Hand Granadoes* flew,
 And where they *Fell*, as Certainly, they *Slew*
 His *Name* struck ev'ry where as great a *Damp*
 As *Archimedes* through the *Roman Camp*,
 With This, the *Doctors Pride* began to *Cool*,
 For *Smarting* soundly may convince a *Fool*.
 But now *Repentance* came too late, for *Grace*,
 And meager *Famine* star'd him in the *Face*.
 Fain would He to the *Wives* be reconcild,
 But found no *Husband* left to *Ow* a *Child*,
 The *Friends*, that *Got* the *Brats*, were *poysen'd* too;
 In such Distress what could our *Vermin* do?
 Worry'd with *Debts*, and past all *Hope* of *Bail*,
 Th' unpitty'd *Wretchlies* *Rotting* in a *Jail*,
 And There, with *Basket-Alms*, scarce kept *Alive*,
 Shews how *Mistaken Talents* ought to *Thrive*.

I Pity, from my Soul, Unhappy men,
 Compell'd by want to prostitute their Pen;
 Who must, like Lawyers, either Starve, or Plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where Guynys Lead;
 But you, Pompilian wealthy, pamper'd Heirs,
 Who to your Country owe your Swords, and Cares,
 Let no vain hope your easie mind seduce,
 For Rich Ill Poets are without Excuse.
 Tis very Dangerous, Tampering with a Muse,
 The Profit's small, and you have much to lose;
 For, tho true Wit adorns your Birth, or Place,
 Degenerate lines degrade th' attained Race.
 No Poet any Passion can Excite;
 But what they feel transport them when they write.
 Have you been led through the Cumean Cave,
 And heard th' Impatient Maid Divinely Rave?

I hear her now; I see her Rowling Eyes;
 And panting; Lo! the God, the God she cries;
 With words, not *Hers*, and more then *humane sound*,
 She makes the obedient *Ghosts* peep trembling thro' the
 But tho we *must obey* when *heaven Commands*, (ground
 And man in vain the *Sacred Call withstands*,
 Beware *what Spirit* rages in your breast.
 For *ten inspir'd ten thousand* are Possess'd
 Thus make the *proper use* of each *Extreme*,
 And *write with fury* but *correct with Pheam*.
 As when the Chearful hours too freely Pass,
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting Glass,
 Your *Passe* advises, and Begins to beat
 Through Every swelling Vein a *loud retreat*.
 So when a *Muse Propitiously invites*
 Improve her favours, and Indulge her flights,
 But when you find that *Vigorous heart abate*,
 Leave off, and for *another summons* wait.

Before, the Radiant Sun, a Glimmering Lamp, I hear
 Adulterate Metals to the Sterling Stamp; and
 Appear not melior than were *Burnt* Lines, with
 Compar'd with those whose *Inspirational* *Lines* she
 These, Nervous, bold, whose *Languid* and *venial*
 There, *old* *saturn*. But here, a *Lovely* *girl*
 Thus have I seen a Rapid, headlong Tide,
 With foaming Waves the *Reflux* *Shair* divide
 Whose *Lazy* *Waters* without *Motion* lay
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his *Impetuous* way.

As when the *Choral* hours too freely pass
 The *Privilege* that *Ancient* *Poets* claim
 Now turn'd to *License* by too just a Name;
 Belongs to none but an *Establish'd* *Fame*,
 Which scorns to *Take* it *When* a *Made* *Proposition*
 Absurd Expressions, *wholly* *Altogether* *Thoughts*,
 All the *lewd* *Legion* of *Expell'd* *fairs*,
 Leave off, and for another *humorous* wait.

Before

D s

Base

Base Fugitives to that *Asylum* fly,
 And sacred *Walls* with *Insolence* Defy.
 Not thus our *Heroes* of the former Days
 Deserv'd, and Gain'd their never fading *Bayes*.
 For I mistake, or far the greatest Part,
 Of what some call *Neglect* was study'd Art.
 When *Virgil* seems to *Trifle* in a Line,
 'Tis like a *Warning Piece*, which gives the Sign
 To Wake your *Fancy*, and prepare your *Sight*,
 To reach the noble Height of some *unusual Flight*.
 I lose my *Patience*, when, with *Sawey Pride*,
 By untun'd *Ears* I hear *His Numbers* try'd.
Reverse of Nature! shall such *Copies*, then
 Arrain th' *Originals* of *Maro's Pen*!
 And the *rude Norions* of *Pedantick Schools*
 Blaspheme the sacred *Founder of Our Rules*!

The Delicacy of the nicest Ear
Finds nothing harsh, or out of Order There
Sublime or Low, unbended or Intense,
The sound is still a Comment to the Sense.

A skilful Ear, in Numbers shoud' preside,
And all Disputes without Appeal decide,
This ancient Rome, and Elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by Impulse from Heaven, *Tyrans* Sung,
In drooping Souldiers a new Courage sprung;
Reviving Spartans now the fight maintain'd,
And what *Two Generals* Loss, a *Poer* Gain'd.
By secret Influence of Indulgent Skys,
Empire, and Poesy Together rise.
True Poets are the Guardians of a State,
And when They Fail, portend approaching Fate.

The

For

For that which Rome to Conquest did Inspire,
 Was not the *Vestal*, but the *Muses* fire;
 Heaven joyns the *Blessings*, no declining Age,
 Ere felt the *Raptures* of *Poetick* Rage.

Of many faults, *Rhyme* is (perhaps) the Cause;
 Too strict to *Rhyme* We slight more useful Laws.
 For That, in *Greece* or *Rome*, was never known,
 Till By *Barbarian* Deluges o'erslown,
 Subdu'd, Undone, They did at Last, Obey,
 And change their Own for their *Inva*ders way.

I grant that from some *Mossy*, *Idol-Oak*
 In *Double Rhymes* our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke;
 And by Succession of unlearned Times,
 As *Bards* began so *Monks* Rang on the *Chimes*.

But

For that which Rome to conquest did inspire
 But now that *Phœbus* and the sacred *Nine* join
 With all their Beams on out, blast ill and shine
 Why should not *We* their ancient Rites restore
 And be, what *Rome* or *Athens* were Before?
 O may I live to see that glorious Day
 And sing loud Pæans through the Crowded way
 When in Triumphant state the British Muse
 True to her self shall Barbaous aid refuse
 And in that *Roman* Majesty appear
 Which none knows better and none loves so dear

I grant that from some *Maid* I did take
 In Double Rymes our *Tier* and *Wishes* spoke
 And by Succession of unlearned *Tunes*
 As *Bards* began to sing from the *Chimæ*



